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LITERATURE DEPARTMENT
of the
Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian
Church, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

First....

and

....Last

156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY is an illustrated magazine published by the Woman's Board of Home Missions, and is indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of Woman's work for the evangelization of the Home land. Each number contains fresh letters from the front, abundant material on the topic of the month, and a department of Hints and Helps which will be found very suggestive in conducting a society. It also contains a department for young people. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR. Address subscriptions to MISS S. F. LINCOLN, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.
BOX L, STATION O, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FIRST AND LAST.

"MOST there now!"

A girl who had been traveling wearily down the road, paused, as a square, many-windowed building stood revealed in the noon sunlight. She was dusty and travel worn, but her dull face brightened as she caught sight of the Mission school which was her goal. She shook the dust from her faded dress, straightened the sunbonnet upon her head, and sat down upon a stone by the wayside to put upon her bare feet a pair of well worn shoes, which she had prudently carried in her bundle lest the journey should prove too much for their endurance.

"I'm most there now," she repeated, as if there were many things in the past which that comforting assurance atoned for. Then, her efforts at making herself presentable being completed, she hastened forward again.

Her pleasure, unfortunately, was not shared by those in the building. A teacher, standing at an upper window, watched the approaching figure curiously at first, then with a growing recognition that brought a look of trouble into her eyes. She hurriedly called to a lady who was passing through the hall :

"Miss Grey, will you come here a moment, please? I believe that is 'Cretia."

"Oh, I hope not!" was answered earnestly, but, after a minute's careful scrutiny the added words came slowly, "Yes—it is."

The two teachers looked at each other in dismay, and the eyes of the first speaker filled with tears.

"She is coming back, poor child! And we can do nothing for her now. We are crowded almost beyond endurance, and we cannot take another."

'Cretia had been with them the previous year, painstaking but dull—a slow, plodding girl, who could not be considered a very promising pupil. She was penniless, with no friends to aid her, and, as it must be all charity, the teacher had sometimes questioned anxiously whether they were justified in using the church's money upon one from whom they could expect no higher return of usefulness. Such questions of economy seem

awful when they relate to souls, but funds and room were limited, and even mission teachers cannot compass the impossible. So it had been in some measure a relief that 'Cretia did not return after the summer vacation.

Three weeks of the term had passed and she had almost dropped out of mind. Now here she was again, bundle in hand.

"I done—I hev come back, Miss Mary," she said, making a sudden effort to correct her language as the familiar atmosphere of the school brought back a remembrance of its teachings—"I didn't get yere at first, cause—because I stayed to earn some more money. Laws, but I worked hard all vacation! Yere 'tis, Miss Mary—twelve dollars."

She was untying a knot in an old handkerchief to exhibit her little hoard, and her fingers trembled with excitement. "Taint noways right to have all you'ns—you—gimme everything, and I arned this."

The teacher's eyes had grown misty again; well she knew how few chances of employment these girls had, and how small a pittance the most toilsome labor would bring. She knew, too, the pressing needs of the daily life, and all the hardships and self-denial these savings represented. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"But, 'Cretia, dear girl, we didn't know you were coming; we haven't any room for you now, I can't tell you how sorry I am to say it, but we have no place left."

'Cretia smiled contentedly.

"Oh, 'twon't take much room for me. I reckoned you'd be about full. Anywhere's 'll do."

"But, child, there is no 'anywhere'—no place at all where I can put you. We are more than full," urged Miss Mary, reluctantly. The admission of the last two pupils had been a case of heart against judgment, and the building had been crowded to its utmost limit.

Still 'Cretia smiled her slow smile. She had learned to look upon Miss Mary as a being who could plan her way out of any dilemma—one to whom everything was possible. But, when at last she understood, the light vanished from her eyes. She did not cry or utter any protest. A grey pallor crept over her face, she nervously fingered the faded folds of her dress, and then in a dazed, bewildered way tied up the earnings that had so failed of their purpose, and gathered up her bundle.

"Do not go yet, 'Cretia; stop and rest a while and have some dinner," urged the teacher, kindly.

But the girl shook her head.

"'Pears like I ain't hungry, Miss Mary. I kin git back to ma-am Swanzy's by night, I reckon I'll stay there till mornin'; it's nearder home."

She did not say she could not bear the pain of seeing others in the place she had thought was hers; that the merry voices that reached her from the halls and stairways were intolerable. She did not even consciously think it; she only knew that she wanted to get away and be alone.

The teacher dimly comprehended and, remorseful for the grief she could not prevent, again ex-

plained how powerless she was to do otherwise, and once more expressed her own keen regret.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am, 'Cretia, but you see I cannot help it."

"I ain't noways blamin' nobody, Miss Mary. I 'low I'd better be goin'; it's mighty fur to walk."

The unconscious dropping into old expressions told how completely she felt herself barred out from new hopes and aspirations. Miss Grey watched the drooping young figure trudge away down the lonely road—away from the help and hope for which it had struggled so bravely. Then she saw Miss Mary with tearful eyes pass silently to her own room. Miss Grey's black eyes were not tearful—they were flashing.

"How I wish," she said, emphatically, "that I could transport those two big heartaches right into the middle of some great rich church at the North. Yes, I do."

'Cretia walked steadily on until a turn in the road had hidden her from observation and a strip of desolate woodland shut her in. Then she threw herself down beside a great tree, and bowed her head on her folded arms against its gnarled roots. It was late in the afternoon of the following day, when, with weary, lagging footsteps, she reached her home—a little cabin in the valley. The door stood open, revealing the dancing flames in a wide fire-place, and the figure of a woman silhouetted against it as she gazed at something on the hearth. She turned at sound of 'Cretia's step, but though she must have felt surprised at the girl's un-

expected appearance, she did not express it.

"Yer back ag'in, 'Cresby?"

"Mammy, they couldn't take me; the school was plumb full."

There was a little catch in 'Cretia's breath as she spoke. Her eyes were sad and heavy, her whole bearing weary and dejected. The mother's eyes saw it all in one quick, scrutinizing glance, but she made no comment. Language, like everything else in their lives, was scant and poor. She had never been able, indeed, to fully understand her daughter's awakened aspirations. After one year at the school, 'Cretia had seemed to her a marvel, whose acquirements she viewed with mingled pride and awe, and she could not in the least comprehend what the girl wanted of "more larnin'." She had not opposed her wishing and working, however, and even helped her after a fashion, but she did not know how to offer sympathy now.

"'Twas a powerful long tromp for nothin'," she said. Then, after a moment, with a little motherly resentment against something or somebody, she added; "'Pears like they might'a waited fur ye."

That was all. She busied herself with stirring up a cake of cornmeal and water, putting it on a board, and setting it up in front of the fire to bake. Then she fried a bit of bacon, and the evening meal was complete. It was eaten almost in silence, but afterward, sitting in the firelight with her Bible on her knee, 'Cretia found comfort. She came in her slow reading to the account of the beautiful city with its welcoming gates on every side; its gates

that are not shut at all by day; its life-giving waters, of which whomsoever will may drink.

"Nobody 'll hev to be crowded out there; it'll never be too full fur them that wants to come," she said; "an' everybody that's heerd is to tell them to come. I reckon I might do that yet."

To learn enough to help others had been the object of her newly awakened ambition, and the thought that such help might still in some small way be in her power, came with wondrous healing to the sore young heart. Through much of the night she lay open-eyed, her slow brain gradually shaping its desire into a plan.

The money she had so toilfully earned seemed too precious for any common use. She looked at it wistfully the next morning.

"'Pears like I want to get something like school out'n it someways, for somebody," she said.

The mother could not understand the feeling, but despite all limitations the germ of true motherhood was hidden somewhere in her silent nature, for she said not one word of pressing needs; she only answered briefly:

"I 'low ye can do what ye like, 'Creshy."

A small, half-ruined cabin was secured; some rude benches put up by the unskilled hands of a half-grown boy, a few children of widely varying ages were gathered in, and so the little school began. But even with such primitive arrangements twelve dollars could not last always, and Miss Mary at the Mission school was one day surprised by a letter—a letter pathetic in its very meagre-

ness, that simply told what 'Cretia was trying to do, and the need all about her. Could Miss Mary spare a few books and some Bibles? There were only two Bibles—'Cretia's own and one other—in all the place.

The reply was a box of supplies, followed a little later by Miss Mary herself. The day of arrival was warm and pleasant, and the school, which had outgrown its narrow quarters, was holding its afternoon session out of doors. Children of all sizes were seated on the grass or on convenient stumps, while the young teacher, slow still, and unassuming in her simple earnestness, was patiently trying to teach what she herself had been taught. It seemed to Miss Mary, in the few minutes that she stood there unobserved and unwilling to interrupt, that the hungry heart must have treasured all it had ever heard. Then 'Cretia turned and saw her, and caught both her hands with a glad cry.

"Oh, Miss Mary! Now my poor scholars will have somebody to tell 'em!"

The same thought was in her face a little later, when as the sun drew near its setting, the circle of hearers increased. Men and boys returning from the fields stopped to listen, and a few women came from the cabins and joined the group. That this was the usual custom the visitor soon learned from the comments of those new comers on the Bible lesson she was teaching.

"Yes'm, we'uns heard 'Creshy say that."

"Reckon that's what 'Creshy was tellin' las' week; it's pow'rful true."

Miss Mary looked upon them with eyes that saw through a mist. The story of their hard, barren lives was written in the faces turned toward her, and as she turned from them to 'Cretia, so unconscious of self, of toil and privation, so anxious only that the light should fall on these—she seemed to hear a voice not of earth, saying:

"There are last that shall be first."

KATE W. HAMILTON.

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LITERATURE DEPARTMENT

OF THE

Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Some Results of Presbyterian Missions in Utah.

BY REV. S. E. WISHARD, D. D.

It is fitting that our friends in the Eastern States should know something of the results of that mission work in Utah to which they are giving their prayers and money. It is the purpose of this brief sketch to furnish at least a small amount of that information.

It is pleasant to the Home Missionaries on the frontier to know, even though it be deemed only a sentiment, that the man who laid the deep and broad foundations of Home Missions for our church, was the first Presbyterian minister to lift his voice with the gospel message before a Mormon audience. While on his way to the coast in those perilous days in 1864, Dr. Henry Kendall

was invited to speak in the great Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. It was at a time when the Mormon prophets were predicting the downfall of our government. Brigham's invitation to Dr. Kendall to preach, had in it the jeer and taunt of the old mockers who said to God's oppressed people, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." Whatever Brigham's thought was, Dr. Kendall struck a gospel note that has been rising and echoing through these mountains ever since. In 1869 that note was taken up by the intrepid Dr. Sheldon Jackson and repeated from Corinne, on the northern shores of the Great Salt Lake, where the first Presbyterian church in Utah was organized a little later. On the 28th of September, 1871, Rev. Josiah Welch entered Salt Lake City to take his part in the chorus that was to follow. Like Noah's dove, he "found no place for the sole of his foot," for a time. Every door was locked against the proclamation of the gospel, until in his wanderings it was his good hap to fall upon a spot which Brigham Young had forgotten to close against him. It was the loft of a livery stable. While the Master began in the manger, Brother Welch began one story higher. The first Presbyterian church of Salt Lake City was organized a little less than two months later (November 12, 1871,) whether in that upper room, or in a stall of the stable, history is silent.

With the entrance of the gospel minister came the Mission school teacher. These were the beginnings of our work in this difficult field. From the preaching in that loft, the organization of the

church, and the school that followed, have come results in keeping with God's promise, plan and purpose.

To-day we are a Presbytery with twenty-four ministers, preaching to twenty-two churches and eight mission stations; having under our care 1,108 members and 2,800 Sunday school pupils.

The first mission school, opened by Prof. J. M. Coyner with thirty pupils, April 12, 1878, has grown to 30 schools, with 71 teachers and matrons and 2,414 pupils in these schools during this last year. Four of these schools are well equipped academies, with an enrollment of more than 500 pupils in all departments of study. A number of these are in course of preparation for college, some of them looking forward to the ministry, others to the work of teaching. In the good providence of God we are soon to crown this Christian educational work with a College, under the auspices of our church. A beautiful site of eighty acres of land has been donated, and Dr. Sheldon Jackson has obligated himself to furnish $50,000 more to inaugurate the work, and we are now at the throne of grace, asking the Great Giver to provide us with just as much more as we need. And we have His pledge (John xiv: 13, 14) that it will come. It is just like Him to keep His promise. He has done it in all of the past. All of our work here has been prayer and answer.

Out of one of our most discouraging fields came a bright lad a few years ago, converted, seeking to enter the ministry. He worked his way through Park College and graduated last June,

taking the first honors of his class. He entered the Western Theological Seminary last September, and while we are in tears Fred. Feeger is with the Master in higher service.

Another of our Mission pupils graduated with honor at Knox College last June, after taking the first prize in the interstate oratorical contest, and is now a professor in a college in the State of Washington. The teacher of Latin in the High School of Salt Lake City, an earnest, Christian young woman, went from our Mission school to an Eastern college, graduated last June, and is now making the contribution of her life to higher education in Utah. Another, who graduated at our Collegiate Institute, is now well on her way in a course of medical instruction in Chicago, preparing for work in the Foreign Mission field, aided by an elder in Indiana. The first graduating class from the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute went out in 1882. Since that date about seventy-five young women and young men have received their diplomas and have gone out to contribute to the moral and intellectual uplift of Utah. One of these young ladies, after serving successfully as mission teacher for several years, last year fell heir to a few thousand dollars. She provided her mother, who had been cast off by the father, with a home, and has gone to Lake Forest University to take a higher course. While absent from her home at Mount Pleasant, where she formerly taught, she pays the salary of a consecrated kindergartner, as a sort of representative of herself.

Fourteen of our church officers, elders and deacons have come out of Mormonism. One of these elders, who had once been a Mormon missionary and afterward had gone into infidelity, regards the consistent and godly walk of his pastor as God's instrumentality in bringing him to accept Christ. With deep gratitude these earnest converts from Mormonism "remember the hole of the pit whence they were digged." Two of our earnest and successful ministers came out of Mormonism. The story of their conversion and work would be interesting if there were space in this brief leaflet to give it. We count them among the best fruits of our work, the results of which the future alone can unfold.

Our mission teachers have displayed a moral heroism and self-denial not surpassed on the foreign field. Passing a cabin in one of our towns, a friend pointed to a small gable window in a low attic, which was scarcely more than a loft, saying: "Through that window, by a ladder from the outside, our first teachers went to the only place they could secure as a home." One of our teachers had her school emptied again and again, by the command of the bishop; for in those days the bishop's orders were law. At one time she rang her school bell regularly for three months without a papil. Asked for an explanation of this persistence, she replied: "I meant to let them know I was there." The Mormons concluded she was there to stay, and the children did return.

Other teachers were subjected to public slanders and indignities that cannot be written, but which

were patiently borne for Christ's sake. The consistent character, patient endurance, superior work of our teachers, and the power of the Gospel which they exemplified, have been the moral forces which even Mormon persecution and prejudice could not withstand.

That which cannot be written or measured of this mission work can be understood only by those of us who are familiar with the difficulties which confront us. Mormonism does not change its doctrines, but the door of access to the people is gradually opening wider. While oppositions do not cease, yet encouragements multiply; and on certain moral questions the Mormon church has been compelled to take a stand in opposition to its past practices. The light has already broken over these mountain peaks. We are toiling in fellowship with our friends in the East, and waiting for the high noon that must certainly come in fulfillment of "God's abiding promise."

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